Tryst

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/50742439.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton/Will Graham
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Established Relationship, Friends With Benefits, Frederick's nickname is Eric, no encephalitis, Jealous Hannibal Lecter, Teasing, Will Graham is a Tease, Will Graham is a Little Shit, Open Relationships, Dom Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter's Very Active Cowper's Glands, Anal Fingering, Precum as Lube, Unsafe Sex, Table Sex, Rough Sex, Clothed Sex, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Power Bottom Will Graham, Break Up Talk, Morning Kisses, Sleepy Kisses, Morning Sex, top Dr. Frederick Chilton, Goodbye Sex, Top Will Graham, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Possessive Sex, Sloppy Seconds, Mildly Dubious Consent, Bottom Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Knows, Switching Top/Bottom Dynamics, Multiple Sex Positions, Prostate Orgasm, Blood Kink, Jealousy, Mild Blood, Scratching, Dark Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Tête-à-tête
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-24 Words: 8,800 Chapters: 2/2

Tryst

by hartfeathers

Summary

"What is it?" Frederick asks when Will's unrestrained smirk interrupts their kiss.

"We have a voyeur."

Frederick laughs quietly and pecks Will's lips, "I told you he'd come. He wouldn't be able to resist when he knew you had company last night."

Will pulls Frederick closer and kisses him with a little more vigor, putting on a show for their uninvited guest.

~~~~

A Hannigram focused sequel to Rendezvous

Notes

This fic was originally two extra chapters of Rendezvous but the shift in tone made me decide to make them a separate sequel.
This fic had a mind of it's own and went to a place I didn't expect for what was supposed to be a bit of smutty fun but I hope you like it.

Reading Rendezvous will give extra context for Will and Frederick's relationship but it's not necessary in order to read this one.

Frederick's nickname in this fic, and Rendezvous, is 'Eric'
~~~~

Chapter 1

Will leans against the frame of his front door watching Frederick shrug on his coat, the morning sun not yet warm enough to counter the chill on the air that sweeps over the wide open fields surrounding his home, though Will himself is accustomed to it.

Frederick steps into his space with a faint smile, "Well, you definitely made it up to me."

Will can't smother a grin so he just pulls Frederick in by the lapels of his coat and kisses him. He hums as he feels Frederick's hand brush over his hip and down so his fingertips just reach past his boxers to the bare skin of his legs.

"God, you are so tempting standing there in just a t-shirt and underwear." Frederick whispers against Will's lips, his fingers sneaking under the fabric so he can touch the top of Will's thigh, his underwear bunching up over Frederick's hand.

Will gently bites Frederick's bottom lip, "Behave, sweetie, you're needed elsewhere today."

Frederick whines with faint frustration, he squeezes Will's thigh and presses their foreheads together. "I know," he sighs, "Doesn't mean I have to like it."

Will laughs and kisses the other man, keeping it chaste and gentle, and grabs his wrist not letting his wandering hand venture any further. Frederick makes a huffing sound and removes his hand from under Will's boxers, instead he holds his waist and pulls them closer together. Will hums softly enjoying the warmth of the other man's body against his as they kiss lazily.

The approaching sound of a slow moving car catches Will's attention, he opens his eyes and looks past Frederick's ear to see a familiar car cruise towards his house.

"What is it?" Frederick asks when Will's unrestrained smirk interrupts their kiss.

"We have a voyeur."

Frederick laughs quietly and pecks Will's lips, "I told you he'd come. He wouldn't be able to resist when he knew you had *company* last night."

Will pulls Frederick closer and kisses him with a little more vigor, putting on a show for their uninvited guest.

During their last session Hannibal had casually asked about his plans for the weekend and Will had seen the way the older man's hand clenched ever so slightly when he replied, with false innocence, *well, Eric is coming over Friday night but apart from that I'll probably just work on my boat motor as usual*. Of course Hannibal had immediately asked who 'Eric' was and Will enjoyed making a show of fumbling his words as if he hadn't meant to say it. Will had been curious what Hannibal would do if presented with the scenario of him being intimate with someone. Will might sometimes struggle with reading how someone feels about him but lust is something he rarely misses and he had seen it on Hannibal. And even if

he had, by some miracle, missed those threads of desire that trail from Hannibal like errant ribbons then those heated glances at his ass would have told him everything he needed to know. And now, here's the proof.

He can't help the moan he makes when Frederick deepens the kiss, he opens his eyes and finds Frederick's eyes glittering with mischief. Will pinches Frederick's nipple, the sensation dulled through his clothes but it makes the man whine nonetheless. Will hears a car door close more forcefully than usual for Hannibal and has to stop himself from laughing. He breaks their kiss and shares a look with Frederick.

They both turn to look at Hannibal, as if his slamming the car door alerted them to his presence, who is now walking up the patio steps with a barely controlled look of dissatisfaction.

"Hannibal, I wasn't expecting you." Will says as he stands straighter so he is no longer leaning against the doorframe.

"I found myself with an empty schedule today and thought I'd bring you lunch." Hannibal replies, his hand tightening around the straps of a large insulated bag, similar to the one he brought to Will's motel room after they first met. "I apologise, Will, I didn't expect you to have company this morning."

Frederick clears his throat, "I was just leaving," he looks at Will and steps closer as if to kiss him then makes a show of glancing at Hannibal and stepping back again, Will is fighting a smirk with everything he has and he is definitely going to punish Frederick later. "I'll see you soon, Will," he nods in reply and Frederick smiles faintly before grabbing his overnight bag. "Dr Lecter." he says as he walks past the other man.

Will watches Frederick get into his car, spying a sly grin on his lips as the man starts the engine, he focuses on the car until it's out of sight and only then does he look at Hannibal. Will feels his gut clench with a twist of lust, Hannibal too has been following Frederick's car with his gaze but his eyes radiate jealousy and contempt, their whiskey colour deepening almost red.

Will licks his suddenly dry lips and opens the door behind him, "Would you like to come in, Dr Lecter?"

Will watches with interest as a snarl flashes across Hannibal's face before he smooths his expression into a polite smile. "Yes, thank you, Will."

Hannibal follows him inside and the dogs get up from their beds to greet the new guest, each taking turns to sniff and be petted before being satisfied enough to return to their places on the floor to continue their late morning snooze. Hannibal hangs up his coat and suit jacket, Will takes a moment to appreciate how attractive he looks in shirt and waistcoat.

"This way." Will shows Hannibal to the kitchen, he leans against the dining table on the other side of the counter and simply observes the man. Will bites his lip as Hannibal rolls up his sleeves and begins to unpack his bag, roaming his gaze over his hands and forearms. There's an assortment of fruits, cheeses, meats and bread, along with a very familiar protein

scramble, croissants and what appears to be homemade strawberry jam. "This looks delicious, Dr. Lecter, thank you."

"Hannibal."

Will raises an eyebrow as he looks at him but does not say a word, instead he simply waits for Hannibal to elaborate but he already knows. Hannibal's snarl had been because of Will's formality with him, after witnessing him be so casual and intimate with another, with Frederick Chilton, Hannibal felt almost childishly and pettily jealous.

"I consider us friends, Will, so outside of my office, of our sessions, I would like you to call me Hannibal."

Will smiles, "Alright, Hannibal."

His chest flutters when he sees a very rare genuine smile tug at Hannibal's mouth and for several moments a comfortable silence falls over them but Will can feel the undercurrent of tension. A taut rope that refuses to be ignored, and then it snaps.

"So, Frederick Chilton?" Hannibal phrases the man's name as a question and Will holds back a snort of laughter at the sour tone. "I was unaware you two were acquainted. I thought you didn't like psychiatrists."

"I don't. Typically they find my mind too fascinating to resist picking at, luckily Eric is more interested in my body."

The clatter of Hannibal dropping a metal container is almost deafeningly loud and makes Will flinch instinctively, even as he bites his lip to restrain from grinning. He knew Hannibal would have some sort of reaction to that statement, both the boldness of it and the nickname, but for the man to drop food is a surprise.

"Eric?" Hannibal's voice is tight as if it's taking all his control to maintain some semblance of neutrality despite the fact he has already gone way past any pretense of it.

"Oh, yes, it's what I call Frederick. Sometimes his name is a bit of a mouthful." This time Will can't keep his mirth from showing through.

All at once Will finds himself pinned by Hannibal's intense stare, those deep amber eyes burning with so much unbridled emotion it's almost overwhelming. His breath catches in his throat and he finds himself unable to move as Hannibal stalks towards him, food completely forgotten as Hannibal cages him against the table. Will is enamored with the sight of Hannibal unraveling, his breath coming in short, harsh pants, strands of hair falling from their meticulous styling to hang over Hannibal's forehead.

"What, exactly, is the nature of your relationship with Frederick Chilton?" Hannibal's voice is so low and rough it's like a growl and it makes Will shiver.

He licks his lips, not missing how Hannibal tracks the movement of his tongue, "We care about each other and we have sex. It's an open relationship and we are free to sleep with

whoever else we want." Will tilts his head to the side ever so slightly and keeps his gaze locked with Hannibal's, he leans into Hannibal just a little so his words tickle against the other man's lips. "What do you want, Hannibal?"

Hannibal snarls, "You know what I want, cunning boy."

Will chuckles softly, thoroughly enjoying seeing Hannibal with his refinement stripped away. He hops up to sit on the edge of the table, Hannibal's strong arms bracketing his body, and spreads his legs to make room for Hannibal's body. The older man immediately steps forward into the cradle of his thighs and Will leans back slightly, arching his back so his hips tilt forward and his body elongates, putting on a show. He hears a tortured whine slip from Hannibal's throat, Will smirks up at him and whispers, "Say it."

"I want *you*." Hannibal answers almost breathlessly.

Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist and pulls him closer until their hips are pressed together, he rocks his hips and licks his lips at the feel of Hannibal's firm cock against him. He moans lightly, feeling the size of him and grins when Hannibal groans and falls forward a little, rutting against Will instinctively.

Will leans up and flicks his tongue against Hannibal's parted lips, "Then *take* me."

Hannibal kisses him harshly, immediately pushing his tongue into Will's mouth, he moans at the onslaught and allows Hannibal to control the kiss, tilting his head and threading his fingers through the soft hair at the nape of his neck. With his free hand he strokes down Hannibal's arm and pulls his hand to his waist, encouraging the man to hold him. He smiles into the aggressive kiss when Hannibal immediately grabs him tightly and pulls him closer so every inch of their bodies are touching. Will sighs a little *nnff* sound as Hannibal thrusts against him, their cocks rubbing together though their clothes, their desire beginning to rocket.

Will bites Hannibal's tongue and enjoys the deep grunt Hannibal makes. He uses his hold on Hannibal's hair to guide his mouth to his throat and mewls as he kisses and sucks his neck, "Good boy," he sighs faintly and then smiles at the ceiling when Hannibal keens and bucks against him at the words.

Will slides his hand over Hannibal's chest and down, then pulls at Hannibal's belt and reaches into his underwear. He groans at the feeling of silk beneath his fingers, wet silk. He smirks as he finally touches Hannibal's cock and finds it hard, thick and soaked in precum.

He bites Hannibal's ear lobe and softly growls, "Oh, cher," he grins when Hannibal shivers at the endearment, "you are *dripping* wet." Hannibal whines against his neck as Will slowly strokes his cock, the faint slick sound of skin filling the scant space between them. "That's so *fucking* hot, you delicious thing."

Will gasps as Hannibal bites his neck and yanks his boxers down his hips, Will shifts and untangles his thighs so Hannibal can pull them off. He moans as Hannibal grips his thighs tight enough to bruise, Will wraps his legs around Hannibal and drags him close one more, grunting at the feel of Hannibal's trousers rubbing against his bare cock. He kisses Hannibal

again, licking into his mouth forcefully, rubbing his tongue against the roof of his mouth and dragging over the tip over Hannibal's fang-like canines.

He grabs Hannibal's wrist and guides his hand down to wrap around his own cock, "Get your fingers wet, cher." He bites and pulls on Hannibal's bottom lip then kisses along his jaw and sucks the thin skin beneath his ear. He slips his hand into Hannibal's underwear to feel how slick Hannibal's hand is, groaning in his throat when he feels slippery skin. "Good boy." He threads his fingers between Hannibal's and removes them from his trousers, he pulls Hannibal's hand between his legs and rubs their fingers against his hole. "Now, get me ready for your cock."

Hannibal emits a high pitched whine and pushes one slick finger into Will, he hums at the penetration and looks directly into Hannibal's intense gaze. He pants softly as Hannibal thrusts his finger, watching his amber eyes shift and glisten like honey. Will moans when Hannibal slips a second finger into him, his hand moving faster, Hannibal licks his lips as he drinks in the sight. He rocks his hips against Hannibal's hand and quickly unbuttons his shirt, he groans as he pushes the material open and finally gets his hands on Hannibal's chest, running his fingers through the thick patch of hair covering his pecs. Will rolls one of Hannibal's nipples between his fingers, he gasps when Hannibal rubs over his prostate and impatiently adds a third finger. Will leans back, bracing himself with his arms behind him, and rolls his hips into Hannibal's thrusting hand. He throws his head back and moans, enjoying the way Hannibal's fingers feel, they're so much better than he imagined.

"Will," Hannibal calls, Will looks at him and smirks at how wrecked he looks, hair disheveled and face flushed, "please, Will."

Will pushes Hannibal's trousers and underwear down enough to wrap his hand around Hannibal's hard cock, appreciating the gorgeous length of it, he can't wait to feel that thick cock inside him. He rubs his thumb over the weeping head and shushes Hannibal when the man whines, his hand stilling with his fingers buried deep inside him. Will feels arousal burning hot in his gut.

"*Please*, darling." Hannibal groans and digs his fingers in the meat of Will's thigh, he whines at the sharp sting of pain Hannibal's grip causes and his patience finally runs out.

Will pulls Hannibal's hand from between his legs, grunting at the loss of his fingers, and shifts forward to sit on the edge of the table. He tightens his legs to pull Hannibal closer and rubs the tip of Hannibal's cock against his hole, he kisses Hannibal delicately and whispers, "Fuck me."

Will whines as Hannibal snaps his hips and buries his cock to the hilt in one sharp thrust, he doesn't give Will any time to adjust, he fucks into Will hard and fast. Will fists his hands into Hannibal's shirt and gasps under the onslaught, Hannibal's animalistic thrusts send his arousal spiraling. Wanting more Will lays down, he moans loudly as the change in position means Hannibal's cock goes even deeper. He knows they won't last much long, both of them so wound up by Will's teasing and hurtling towards the crest of their pleasure.

He spreads his legs wider, "Come on, cher, make me come." he says breathlessly, gazing up at Hannibal leaning over him.

Hannibal growls and thrusts harder, the force of his hips rocks Will's entire body against the surface of the table. Will whines and arches his back, Hannibal's thick cock rubbing over his prostate with every single thrust. His cock lays red and weeping against his stomach, his t-shirt damp with precum. He groans and shivers when Hannibal wraps his hand around him, stroking his cock in time with the thrust of his hips.

"That's it, cher," Will's voice is hoarse as he encourages and praises Hannibal, the older man growls and lets go of his cock to grip Will's hips and pull him onto his rough thrusts. "Ahhh-, *fuck*." Will sobs, Hannibal's cock feels so good that he is overwhelmed with pleasure.

Unable to take it any more, balancing on the edge of orgasm, he jerks his own cock quickly. He arches his back and squeezes his eyes shut, moaning as ecstasy crashes over him and cum spills over his t-shirt. He whines as his pleasure drags out and he has to let go of his cock, he opens his eyes to the erotic sight of Hannibal mindlessly fucking into his lax body.

"Good boy, Hannibal, now come for me." he pants.

Hannibal snarls and leans down to rest his head against Will's chest as he thrusts unevenly, he threads his fingers though Hannibal's silky hair and twists, slightly pulling the ashen strands. Hannibal groans against him and his hips stutter, he then buries his cock as deep as possible and grinds as Will feels warm cum fill him. He hums and makes a high sound in his throat as he rocks down on Hannibal's cock to milk him, despite the tingling pain of overstimulation.

Will stares at the ceiling as his body trembles and his heart slowly calms, he strokes Hannibal's hair gently feeling his hot breath against him through his shirt. He keens quietly as Hannibal moves his hips and pulls his softening cock out, Will clenches as he feels cum begin to leak from him. Will follows as Hannibal stands back up, he draws him in and kisses him chastley. He sighs contentedly as Hannibal rubs his thighs soothingly, he slides his hands inside Hannibal's open shirt and rests his hand against his waist.

Will breaks their kiss with a lazy smile and looks at their bodies, "Seems we've made a mess of each other."

Hannibal returns his smile while still stroking the length of Will's thighs, "Yes, we have."

"Want to help me clean up?"

"Do you even need to ask, darling boy." Hannibal replies.

Will laughs softly and slides off the table, cum slipping down his inner thighs, he walks past Hannibal and smirks when he hears him groan. As he hears Hannibal adjusting his trousers, he picks up his phone to see a text from Frederick, **So, how did it go?**

Hannibal's arms wrap around him from behind and he kisses Will's neck, he hums and leans back into the embrace. Will takes a quick picture, capturing his own still flushed face and Hannibal's head buried in his neck with his whiskey eyes peeking at the camera through his hair, and sends it to Frederick.

The response is almost immediate, **It's very cruel of you to send me that while I'm working.** Will chuckles knowing Frederick will be groaning with frustrated arousal. **Enjoy the rest of your appointment with Dr Lecter. See you next week?**

Will feels Hannibal hum against his throat as he sends his reply, **Of course, sweetie.**

Will puts his phone down and lays his head against Hannibal's shoulder, he reaches up to hold his head as the older man sucks marks into his throat.

"It seems I'm going to have to learn how to share." Hannibal murmurs against his skin.

"Is that going to be a problem?" Will asks firmly.

Hannibal places a soft kiss to Will's pulse point. "No, Will."

He smiles and turns to capture Hannibal in a kiss, licking lazily into his mouth and sighing as Hannibal holds him closer. Will makes a noise of surprise as Hannibal's hand roams downwards and slips through the mess of his own cum trickling down the inside of Will's thighs. He moans against Hannibal's mouth when fingers rub over his wet hole and the tips slip inside. Will leans back on Hannibal as his hips hitch and stutter against the slow thrust of Hannibal's fingertips.

"Where's your bathroom?" Hannibal rasps into his ear.

Will laughs breathlessly, "Are you trying to get me clean so you can make a mess of me all over again?"

He feels Hannibal's smirk. "Any objections, darling?"

Will nips Hannibal's jaw, "None at all, cher."

Chapter 2

Frederick stares at the wall as the morning sunlight casts pale swathes of yellow across the room, he strokes Will's arm where it rests over his midsection. A smile tugs at his lips when he hears a faint groaning mumble behind his ear and squirms a little when Will nuzzles into the back of his neck, his breath tickling his skin. The arm around him tightens a little so he threads his fingers through Will's.

"This was out last night together, wasn't it?"

Will stills for a moment then presses a kiss to the knob of his spine. "Yes, sweetie, it was."

Frederick knew this was coming. For several weeks the arrangement between himself, Will and Hannibal had been going quite smoothly, until it wasn't. Frederick could see the change in Will and noticed Hannibal becoming increasingly possessive, leaving bite marks and bruises on Will's skin - even going so far as to renew his suck marks during his last therapy session with Will before last night. Frederick knew his time with Will had come to an end.

Frederick turns in Will's embrace to face him, "Do you love him?" he asks, there's no accusation or bitterness in his voice.

Will takes a moment but Frederick can see it all in his beautiful shimmering blue eyes. "I don't know yet. It's all still a bit new and overwhelming but... I've never felt this way before."

Frederick smiles, "I'm happy for you, Will."

Will kisses him softly, "You're not angry or upset?"

"No, Will. I will miss you, of course, but I want you to be happy." he murmurs as he nudges his nose against Will's.

Will kisses him again, softly meeting their lips over and over until it slips into something deeper. Frederick keens in the back of his throat and shuffles close as he opens his mouth, the slick heat of their tongues entangling ignites a low burning want in his veins. Their mouths never part as their hands wander, stroking over sleep warm bare skin. Will pulls him closer and they both groan as their groins meet, their morning erections rubbing together. Frederick moans when he feels Will's hand wrap around their cocks, the heat of Will's cock pressed against his own makes him shudder with arousal.

Will coaxes him onto his back and Frederick watches raptly as Will straddles his hips, he strokes Will's thick thighs and watches as the man covers his fingers with lube and starts fingering himself. Frederick groans at the erotic sight and takes Will's cock in his hand, slowly stroking him and rubbing his thumb over the wet head. He brings his thumb to his mouth and Will's eyes burn with desire as Frederick licks the precum from his skin. He leans up and captures Will's lips in a sluggish, messy kiss. Frederick's hands roam over Will's skin, stroking over his belly and chest, pausing to pinch and roll his perked nipples.

He gasps when Will's lube slick hand grabs his cock and he slowly sinks down on him, he bites his lip to keep from screaming as Will's tight heat envelopes his aching cock. Once Will is seated he takes a moment to adjust and circles his hips slightly. Frederick wraps his arms around him and licks at Will's parted lips until the man kisses him. They kiss open mouthed and uncoordinated as Will slowly rocks his hips, grinding down on Frederick's cock. Their moans echo between their mouths and although they are barely moving it's so intense it feels like being consumed.

Frederick breaks their kiss and pants heavily, each breath accompanied by a whining moan, "I'm close, Will."

"I know, sweetie." Will strokes his hair and cards fingers through his beard as he moves his hips faster and clenches around him.

Frederick comes with a drawn out groan, his hips bucking up into Will helplessly as pleasure drowns his senses. He feels Will petting his hair and making soft shushing noises as his moans slip into a whine. Will continues to grind on his still hard cock and as much as Frederick would love to keep fucking him his cock is becoming painfully sensitive.

"Will, ah," he stutters as he gazes up at Will's dazed expression, the desperate need for release etched on his face. "Fuck me, please, cum in me." he begs.

Will nods eagerly and Frederick lays back against the bed, his body heavy with the lingering threads of sleep and lulled by the crash of pleasure. He whines as Will slides off his cock but spreads his legs to welcome him between them. He arches his back and keens lightly as Will thrusts into him, still wet and relaxed enough from being fucked the night before. He reaches up and strokes Will's back as the man braces himself with an arm either side of Frederick's head and fucks him with short, sharp thrusts. He whispers encouragements and kisses Will's forearm, emitting breathless gasps when his cock rubs over his prostate sending bolts of sharp pleasure to his gut. With two more hard thrusts Will grinds deep and groans, Frederick sighs as he feels the heat of Will's release inside him.

He winces as Will pulls out slowly, sore and overstimulated but content, and pulls the man into another kiss. After a few minutes of lazy kissing as the last threads of pleasure unwind Frederick rises from the bed and begins pulling on his clothes. Will watches him from the bed with a soft smile. Once he's clothed Frederick leans down and kisses Will softly, one last time.

Will pulls on a pair of boxers and a t-shirt, then stands, "It's been a pleasure, Eric."

"The pleasure was all mine."

Will laughs brightly at his response and they share a smile. Then their heads turn at the sound of a car.

Frederick smiles, "That's my cue."

Hannibal turns off the engine and simply sits in his car outside Will's house, he grips the wheel tightly in his hands until his knuckles turn white. At first he thought he could share Will's attention and affection, that he would be happy with anything Will gave him, that he would simply enjoy being able to have a closer relationship with him. But he is a greedy and possessive man underneath his person suit. His need to have all of Will for himself soon became too overwhelming to ignore, laying his claim on Will's body in teeth marks and bruises in an attempt to soothe his jealousy. But it didn't help. His feelings for Will are growing and changing, a connection so deep and ineffable he couldn't survive being parted from him now. And he can't bear sharing him any longer.

He exits the car and gives only a terse nod to Frederick as he passes him on the porch steps, he walks past Will and through the open door into the house. Once inside he begins slowly pacing, a sign of agitation he has subconsciously picked up from Will. The dogs, sensing his unease, give him a wide berth and choose to return to their beds where they can keep watch from a distance, always ready to defend their master if needed. Hannibal admires their pure and honest loyalty.

"You're early." Will declares as he closes the door, the sound of Frederick's car quickly fading away.

"Yes." He replies shortly.

Will simply raises an eyebrow and crosses his arms while leaning back against the door. "That's a little rude, Dr Lecter."

Hannibal snarls in frustration. Never before has someone been able to rile him so, to get under his skin and make themselves at home there, to unwind his finely honed control so effortlessly.

Will frowns and concern stirs in his chest as he watches the older man. "Hannibal," he calls softly, "what's wrong?"

With those words Hannibal stops, his body becoming so still it's unsettling, "I can't do this anymore." He rasps, his voice strained as if the force of dragging them from his throat has roughened the words. "I can't *share* you anymore, Will."

Will's heart thunders at the words, hope unfurls like a butterfly emerging from the chrysalis as he allows himself to believe Hannibal feels something more for him too. He has felt his possessiveness in the clench of his teeth, his jealousy in the bruising grip of his fingers and maybe, just maybe, his love in the whisper of his kisses.

"What if you didn't have to?" Hannibal's gaze fixes on his with a burning intensity, those beautiful amber eyes focused solely on him. Will exhales an unsteady breath, "This morning Frederick and I ended our physical relationship."

Hannibal stops breathing. He doesn't know if Will continues to speak because all he can hear is the sound of his own heartbeat, loud and fast in his ears. As his lungs begin to burn with lack of oxygen Hannibal gasps and his breath comes in short, sharp pants. "Tell me." he pleads.

"I only want to be with you."

Hannibal strides across the gap between them and pulls Will into a passionate kiss, the hard presses of their lips almost bruising but all the more satisfying because pain means it's real. Hannibal clenches his fingers in the curls at the nape of Will's neck and tilts his head, forcing his mouth open with his tongue. Will whines against his lips and grabs at his shoulders, pulling Hannibal impossibly closer until their bodies are pressed together. The force of their union makes Will stumble backward and he falls against the edge of his fly tying desk with a huff, the jolt causes him to bite down on Hannibal's lip. Hannibal pulls back and touches his split lip, his fingertips coming away bloodied. Will quickly grabs his hand and sucks his fingers into his mouth, licking the digits clean. Hannibal's cock fills faster than it has since he was a young man, the sensual sight of Will's lips marred red with blood is an aphrodisiac like no other. Will pulls the fingers from his mouth, grazing his teeth along them, and flicks his tongue against Hannibal's lip making sure he sees the blood pooled on his tongue before swallowing.

With a snarl Hannibal grips Will by his hips and turns him, slamming his body face down against the desk. He pushes Will's t-shirt up to his armpits and yanks his boxers down to his knees and spreads his cheeks, stilling when he sees Will's hole slightly red and wet with cum. Jealousy burns in his veins as he pushes two fingers into Will, thrusting them harshly as Will's writhes beneath him.

"Hannibal," Will gasps, frissons of discomfort skittering under his skin, his hole still sensitive and tipping into soreness with the extra stimulation. "Wait, just give me a minute." He grunts and presses his forehead against the desk when Hannibal roughly presses against his prostate. "It's too soon, please, let me clean up and we can do this later."

He reaches back wildly until he grabs Hannibal's forearm, holding on tightly although it does nothing to stop him. Will feels like sobbing as Hannibal continues to stimulate his prostate, circling the nub and then thrusting his fingers deep and repeating the motions, his lower body throbs with aching, painful pleasure. He whines as his cock twitches, it's too soon to get fully erect but it hardens anyway. He closes his eyes and can't help the way he rocks back into Hannibal's hand, torn between trying to escape the tortured bliss and craving more of it.

Hannibal is enraptured by the sight of Will, so beautiful caught in the maelstrom of pain and pleasure. His skin flushed and shining with sweat, the sweet sounds he makes outshine all the most brilliant symphonies. Unable to wait any longer Hannibal swiftly unbuckles his belt and unfastens his trousers, he pushes the material down and pulls his weeping cock from his underwear. He hisses sharply as he takes himself in hand, his cock is red and wet with arousal and he knows it won't take much to tip him over the edge but he wants to be inside Will when he falls.

Hannibal removes his fingers, Will's hand falling from his arm, and presses the head of his cock to Will's slightly gaping hole.

"Wait…" Will's breath is pushed out in a shocked gasp as Hannibal thrusts into him, burying his cock to the hilt. Will clenches his fist and breathes deeply as bolts of burning pleasure radiate in his lower body, his cock pulsing as he shivers.

Hannibal braces one hand on the desk next to Will's head and thrusts hard, Will makes a high keening sound beneath him. He pants heavily as he slowly pulls his cock out until only the head remains inside and then slams forward causing Will's body to rock against the desk. He does this several more times, gauging Will's response until the man beneath him arches his back and moans loudly. Hannibal smirks and having now found the perfect angle to continuously stimulate Will's prostate he fucks into him with abandon, thrusting hard and fast.

Will's mouth hangs open in a silent scream, saliva dripping in the desk, as Hannibal fucks him. It feels like his entire body is alive with pleasure, each nerve ending electrified by Hannibal's thrusts. It's painful, his hole is sore and aching, but it feels so *fucking* good - pain and pleasure entwining into one incredible, intense wave of sensation. "Please," he moans as he pushes back into Hannibal's thrusts.

Hannibal can feel his orgasm right on the knife edge, his cock throbbing as he drives into Will's hot body. He grips Will's hip and then flattens his hand against his lower stomach, caressing the heated skin and then he reaches between his legs. Will mewls as Hannibal's fingers dance past the base of his cock and around his balls, he presses against the softness of Will's perineum and slides his fingers towards Will's hole until the man emits a drawn out high pitched moan. Hannibal presses that spot again while he keeps fucking Will, stimulating his prostate inside and out.

Will sobs as Hannibal's fingers rub his perineum incessantly, a stream of hitching moans and babbled murmurs of *yes please more* fall from his lips as pleasure builds and builds until it bursts. His entire body is consumed by a blindingly intense wave of aching ecstasy, he screws his eyes shut and all but screams as it overtakes him. It feels as if his body throbs with pleasure, his cock twitching as it dribbles a small amount of cum onto the floor between his legs.

Hannibal growls as Will's hole constricts around his cock and that's all it takes, he buries his cock deep as his orgasm sweeps through him. He grinds his hips to push his cum as deep into Will as possible as pleasure courses through his veins. He leans over Will and presses his forehead to one of his shoulder blades, groaning as Will's throbbing hole milks his cock. He keeps grinding into Will until the man makes small hissing noises and reaches back to push at his hips. Hannibal pulls out carefully, placing little kisses to the length of Will's spine as the man groans. He hums deep in his chest, a purr of primal satisfaction, as he watches his cum overflow and leak from Will's hole. He gathers the cum on his fingertips and tentatively pushes it back inside Will.

"Hannibal." Will's voice is husky but his tone is firm, Hannibal removes his fingers and strokes Will's still trembling flanks.

Will sighs deeply and pushes himself up, groaning as he stands with small shivers of discomfort, his lower back aching. He pulls his shirt down and steps out of his boxers, then turns to face Hannibal. "Well, someone was a little overzealous."

Hannibal clears his throat as he tucks his cock away, "I'm passionate."

Will huffs a laugh, "That's one way of putting it." he shifts his hips uncomfortably. "I am going to take a hot shower," he states as he steps forward and places a hand on Hannibal's chest. "and you are going to sit on the bed, and wait for me."

Knowing his tone brokers no argument Hannibal nods, his chest squeezing when Will smiles gently and kisses him.

Will walks towards the bathroom but before he crosses the threshold of the doorway he looks back and says, "We have some things to talk about."

Will walks into the living room, still damp from the shower, his hair wet and curling at his nape, but he can't feel the chill of air on his skin because the heat of Hannibal's gaze fills the room. He stops before the older man sitting on the edge of his bed, standing between his spread legs with just a towel wrapped securely around his waist. For a moment he simply basks in Hannibal's gaze, those deep whiskey eyes fixated on him swirl with want and desire as large hands find purchase on his hips. Hannibal leans forward, never once breaking their stare, and presses soft kisses to Will's stomach. He sighs and threads a hand through Hannibal's silken hair, gently rubbing his scalp as the other man traces his lips and tongue over the curve of his belly.

"Come here," Will calls, cupping the back of Hannibal's head and coaxing him to stand.

Hannibal lets his lips linger and drag against Will's skin as he follows Will's guiding hand, only breaking contact when his forehead nudges the underside of Will's chin. Hannibal is captured by Will's beauty and as he begins undressing him, Will diligently ridding him of his clothes, Hannibal looks his fill. Will's hair is turned dark by the water, droplets slide down his neck and drip from the ends to bead on his skin. The slight lingering flush caused by warm water makes the light freckles dusting Will's smooth skin all the more prominent, they scatter in trails across his chest and down his arms. And his eyes, Hannibal loves Will's eyes, their colour is evershifting with the light and he sees all the shades of the ocean in their depths, bright turquoise to rich marine. Will is the most beautiful thing Hannibal has ever seen.

Will is very aware of Hannibal's intense stare as he disrobes him, he can feel the heat of it burn across his flesh. He pushes down Hannibal's trousers to find white silk underwear, he takes a moment to slide his fingers over the material then with a quick grin he pushes them down too. He flattens his hands over Hannibal's firm chest, dragging his fingers through the ever so slightly coarse hair on his chest. He smiles when he feels Hannibal's heart beating beneath his palm.

"Lie down." Will had been wonderfully surprised by how readily Hannibal follows his direction. He is a dominant man but he melts so easily for Will, wanting anything and everything Will gives him. It makes Will feel powerful to know this man willingly submits to him, wants to please him. Will does so love his duality of dominance and submission.

As he kneels on the edge of the bed Hannibal bends his legs at the knee and spreads them wide, inviting Will between his thighs. With a lavish smirk Will settles between Hannibal's long, slender legs, stroking his hands from the ball of his ankle up his calves and thighs to rest over his hips. Will leans forward and plucks a bottle of lubricant from his bedside table.

He liberally coats his fingers then places the tip of his forefinger at the edge of Hannibal's hole.

"I feel like I should reprimand you for your behaviour this morning, cher."

Hannibal feels his thighs tremble just slightly as Will rubs the pad of his finger over his hole as he speaks. "You may, but that won't make me feel any remorse for it." he answers.

Will chuckles huskily, "I know, I wouldn't expect it to." Hannibal groans as Will pushes his finger inside, purposefully glancing over his prostate. Will quickly adds a second and thrusts his fingers, pressing deep into Hannibal then sliding out to rub his rim before pushing them back inside. A languid and meticulous set of motions designed to slowly drive Hannibal mad with desire. "It is to be expected considering whom I'm bedding."

Hannibal frowns at Will's words and the almost smug knowing tone in which he speaks them. His eyes are sharp on Will as the man leans over him until their lips brush, their breath hot in the sparse space between them. Hannibal makes a small groaning sound as Will removes his fingers and just holds them against his hole. Hannibal feels the impulse to hold his breath as Will's clear gaze pierces him.

"Ripper."

Hannibal moans quietly as Will whispers the word against his lips as one would call to a lover and three fingers thrust into him. His heart thunders in his chest, warring between denial and truth but as he stares into Will's eyes he knows there is no way to manipulate or negotiate his way out of this. Will knows. And he has for a while.

"When?" he can't help himself from asking. He thought he had been successful in clouding Will's gaze but clearly he underestimated his cunning boy and it thrills him.

Will smiles and a fraction of tension seeps from his frame, "I've known since I watched your blood soaked gloved hands in the back of that ambulance." Hannibal shivers, he remembers glancing at Will to find himself pinned by a penetrating stare, one he thought was a mere sign of physical interest but his dear Will has surprised him.

Will hasn't let up the slow rocking of his fingers into Hannibal as he spoke, soaking in the small hitched sounds of pleasure that radiate from Hannibal's throat. He licks his lips as he looks down at Hannibal's cock laying heavy and drooling on his belly, he wraps his hand around the thick girth and rubs his thumb over the glistening tip. He grins as Hannibal grunts and arches beneath him, pushing his hips up into one hand and down on the other. As he strokes Hannibal cock precum spills over and covers his hand, he continues speaking, "Then Abigail confirmed it. During dinner with Freddie, she paused upon her first bite of meat because she knew, she knew that taste." Will lightly rubs Hannibal's prostate and shifts forward to rut his hard cock against where Hannibal's thigh meets his hip, his hand now trapped between their bodies, "You've been feeding me *long-pig* since our first meal, haven't you?"

Hannibal moans deeply as Will's cock rubs against him and his words fill his ears, he feels trapped between Will's voice and touch. "*Yes*."

Will groans and pulls his fingers from Hannibal's body, before the older man can utter more than a whimper of dissatisfaction Will lets go of his weeping erection and coats his own cock with Hannibal's precum that has leaked over his fingers. Will grabs Hannibal's hip and slowly guides his cock into Hannibal, hissing as he presses in inch by inch until his hips rest against Hannibal's ass. He pulls Hannibal's legs up around his waist, both of them moaning as Will slips just that little bit deeper. Will leans over him, propping himself up on an elbow, wanting to be close to Hannibal. Will gently nudges his nose against Hannibal's.

"I *see* you."

The sound Hannibal makes can only be described as a sob, to hear those three words of undeniable acceptance slip from Will's lips is a bliss he thought he would have to wait a lifetime for. Hannibal leans up and kisses Will passionately trying to to convey all the messy and uncoordinated emotions that surge to the surface. He grabs the back of Will's neck to keep him close and pushes his tongue into his mouth, moaning when Will welcomes his greedy onslaught. Hannibal tightens his legs around Will and rocks his hips desperately coaxing Will to move, feeling unbearably needy in a haze of arousal and unexpected vulnerability.

Will moans, the noise slips over Hannibal's tongue and is swallowed with a whine as Will begins thrusting his hips at Hannibal's behest. At first he moves slowly, continuing his unhurried pace but it soon becomes clear it's not enough. Hannibal's hands claw at him and his tongue barely lets him breathe as if Hannibal were trying to fuse them at the mouth so they will never be separated. Will feels Hannibal's desire feed his own. It has been quietly building since their first touch when he was fresh from the shower and finally unveiling his discovered truth, removing the very last wall between them, has quickened it.

Hannibal finally breaks their kiss when he throws his head back with a gasp when Will snaps his hips hard, the force of his thrust makes Hannibal's body slide against the bed. He digs his nails into Will's shoulders as the man begins fucking him almost ferociously, the softness between them washed away as their need breaks free. Will hisses above him and Hannibal realises he can feel blood under his fingernails, instead of apologising he presses into the small wounds watching with rapture as Will snarls above him but doesn't pull away. No, his beautiful boy arches his shoulders into Hannibal's hands. Hannibal instinctively clenches around Will's cock as hot arousal twists in his gut, Will looks so beautiful when he's in pain.

The sharp pain in his back has only deepened Will's arousal pushing him even closer to orgasm as he continues to fuck into Hannibal, the force of his thrusts shove Hannibal's body a couple of inches up the bed. Will curls his hand under Hannibal's arm and grasps his shoulder, pulling him onto his thrusts and holding him in place.

Having finally told Hannibal he knows he feels all the words and desires he's kept trapped bubble up his throat. "I've always found your tableaux beautiful." he admits, the soft words a sharp contrast to the hard thrust of his hips. "Each one unique and intricately designed to expose the flaws of those you transform."

Hannibal whines as Will's words sink in, heavy with praise and appreciation they melt into his flesh to embed themselves in his heart. His hands splay over Will's back, his fingers losing grip as they slide through tracks of blood. He feels pleasure sweeping through his

body, Will's cock rubs over his prostate with each thrust and his cock throbs against his belly, his skin covered in pools of precum.

Will can see that Hannibal is as close to orgasm as he is, "Touch yourself, cher." he rasps, groaning when Hannibal obeys and begins stroking his cock in time with Will's quick thrusts. Will bites Hannibal's bottom lip, tugging on it slightly and then sucking it into his mouth. He pulls away with a pop and looks down to see blood trickling down his jaw, Will having reopened the split in his lip. The image of dark blood on Hannibal's skin feeds the fire of his arousal and he is on the verge of coming, needing to take Hannibal with him over the edge he whispers, "I can't wait to see you covered in blood under the moonlight."

Hannibal's entire body tightens and his back bows as his orgasm rushes through him like a tidal wave, he hears himself whine as his cock pulses in his hand and cum spills over his skin. Will fucks him through it, the hard and uneven yet insistent thrust of his cock stretches out his ecstacy. He tightens his hold on Will as the man buries his head into Hannibal's shoulder and moans into his skin as he ruts his hips wildly. Hannibal purrs as he feels Will still and the warmth of his cum fills him, he locks his legs around Will to hold him deep inside. He presses kisses into Will's hair and strokes his back, smearing the patches of tacky blood. He feels Will hum against his chest, then a hot tongue licks from the shell of his ear up his jawline to the corner of his mouth. Will leans up and Hannibal can see the slight smudge of crimson on his mouth, he licks it away and then kisses him.

Will sighs into the kiss and tries to untangle himself from Hannibal's grasp but the man beneath him simply holds on tighter, he groans when Hannibal even clenches around his spent cock. "Cher, let go." Will wants to laugh at the small pout on Hannibal's lips and the annoyed sheen in his eye. "I'm not going anywhere."

Hannibal feels a tendril of doubt and desperate yearning tug at his chest, "Stay with me."

Will smiles and strokes Hannibal's hair, "Where else would I go."

Hannibal releases his grip, they both hiss at the loss as Will's softening cock slips free, both of them a mess of lube and cum. To his relief Will doesn't go far, he lays down beside him and presses close. Hannibal looks into Will's eyes and asks, "Do you truly wish to see me? To watch me hunt?"

Will smirks, "Do you really consider it hunting? Or is it merely solving the problem of someone who has offended you?"

"Problem solving is hunting. It's a savage pleasure, and we are born to it." Hannibal replies smoothly.

Will huffs a small laugh, then suggests, "A pleasure we can share."

Hannibal sucks in a sharp breath then releases it with a shudder, "Oh, my darling Will, I could never entirely predict you."

Will shivers at the reverence in Hannibal's tone, ever since he realised who Hannibal was he could clearly see all the little ways in which Hannibal has been trying to coax him. "Even

with all your suggestive encouragement?"

Hannibal slides his hand over Will's jaw and pushes his fingers into the hair at the nape of his neck, his thumb stroking the hinge of his jaw as he whispers softly, "I can feed the caterpillar, and I can whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches, follows its own nature and is beyond me."

Will can only stare into Hannibal's amber gaze as those words echo in the space between them, Hannibal's awe and joy clinging to the air. In this moment Will sees just how lonely Hannibal has been, a loneliness he probably didn't even recognise until he met Will, a loneliness Will himself knows all too well. It seems, they are both alone without each other.

Will nudges forward and kisses Hannibal so gently it's more a caress of lips and sharing of space, more a want for intimacy than the gesture itself. They reach for each other, their arms and legs entwining until they barely know where one ends and the other begins.

They lie together in the comfortable silence for almost half an hour, just trading tender kisses and fleeting caresses as the early afternoon sun warms the air. The quiet is broken by the faint murmur of Will's stomach reminding him he hasn't yet eaten, they share a momentary glance and then Will huffs a small laugh. He watches Hannibal rise from the bed, pulling on those sexy silk underwear and the plush red sweater he had arrived in that Will hadn't been able to properly appreciate earlier. The older man leans down and nuzzles his nose into Will's curls, pressing a warm kiss to his temple, then wanders into the kitchen. Will groans faintly as he stretches his body then he sits up, he slides on a pair of boxers and with a small closed lipped grin he shrugs on Hannibal's diagarded white shirt, leaving the top few buttons undone.

Hannibal looks up from the counter top where he's getting ready to prepare a meal to see Will leaning against the doorframe wearing his shirt. The sight is primarily arousing, seeing Will wear Hannibal's clothing soothes his possessive streak, but he also feels a bloom of warmth unfurl in his chest and envelop his ribcage for the visage of Will in this moment is so stunningly domestic in a way Hannibal rarely let himself dream of.

"What's for dinner?" Will asks, then with a quirk of his lips he adds, "or rather, who?"

Hannibal knows his utter worship for this man must be obvious in his gaze, his lip curves into a small, soft smirk. "Never ask, it spoils the surprise."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!